

# Good Morning 693

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## 45,000 "Demobbed" Gipsies Make Their Post-War Plans

★ Reports HABAK ORIPS-SMITH ★

THE war has domesticated Britain's 45,000 gipsies. Ration books, National Service and identity cards have checked their wanderings, black-out and air raids have interfered with their camping life and stopped the picturesque camp fires, and the clothing coupon has clamped down on their love for finery.

But it was not only the influence of war-time laws and regulations that changed the life of the Romany people.

They had to settle their own accounts with the Nazis, from whom they suffered ruthless persecution in every country of Europe which the Germans occupied in 1940.

The Nazis have classed the gipsies as "the enemies of the German people." According to the Nazi theory, no people but those rooted to their native soil have the right to prosper. This rules out both Jews and Gipsies.

It would be a waste of breath to tell the Nazis that the Romanies are probably the only "true and pure Aryans" in Europe.

It is almost five centuries ago since this obscure Indian tribe first came to Britain, after endless wanderings on the continent of Europe. Since the early 15th century, Romanies, as they call themselves, have been well known among Britons, and have made their winter quarters on the Epsom Downs, the moors of Yorkshire and in the Welsh valleys.

English people called them "gipsies," confusing them with Egyptians because of their swarthy complexion.

The writer, who has gipsy blood in his veins, readily admits that they often made a nuisance of themselves. It was not always their own fault. Now, when given a chance, they have become useful members of the community and have fully contributed to our war effort.

The British Gypsy Lore Society—led by Professor R. H. Angold — Romany head-men and friendly disposed Britons, have done a great deal in making the gipsies "house-broken." Progress and assimilation had a stiff tussle with a people which still preserve their folk-wisdom in the following "catechism":—

"Miro dad, soskei shan cre-minor kaired?"

"Miro chabo, that puvo-baulor might jib by halling lende."

"Miro dad, soskei shan puvo-baulor kaired?"

"Miro chabo, that tute and mande might jib by lelling lende."

"Miro dad, soskei shan tute and mande kaired?"

"Miro chabo, that creminor might jib by halling mende."

**PHILOSOPHY.**

This, translated into English, means:—

"My father, why were worms made?"

"My son, that moles might live by eating them."

"My father, why were moles made?"

"My son, that you and I might live by catching them."

"My father, why were you and I made?"

"My son, that worms might live by eating us."

It is certainly true that in olden times the gipsies considered all "gorgios" (non-gipsies) as "boro dinellis" (big fools), to be tricked and preyed on by the "jinni Romanis" (the clever gipsies). But it must be remembered that their attitude to life and environment was neither influenced by Christian dogma, nor by the ethics of Western culture.

They had no schooling, the overwhelming majority could neither read nor write.

Centuries of life among civilised nations made little imprint on their attitude, which, somehow, was dictated by the laws of their original jungle



homes, where either force or cunning provided the necessities of life.

Yet the gipsies were always splendid craftsmen, though they preferred to leave work to their women-folk, like all Oriental peoples. Except for the contacts inevitable in "dukering" (fortune-telling), "dooking the gri" (casting a spell on horses to lower their value and to be able to persuade the owner to sell them at a cheaper price), or "drabbing baulor" (poisoning a farmer's pig so that they could buy the carcasses cheaply for food), the gipsies desired no part of the respectable "gongio's" world, ways and wars.

But after the last war the process of assimilation began.

Not only laws and regulations, but also enlightenment among the younger generation, brought the gipsies into an activity they had successfully avoided for centuries—work!

To-day, several thousands of younger Romanies wear the King's uniform. Quite a number of them distinguished themselves on the battle fronts, won medals and promotion. It will surprise many that there are even gipsies serving with the Royal Navy.

**WORK.**

As most of them came from Wales, they pass as Welshmen. Gipsy poachers, always clever in making all sorts of traps, excelled themselves as makers of camouflage nets, gipsy tinkers work in munition factories, knife grinders became excellent armament workers, basket weavers now wire with their clever fingers radio and electrical apparatus for aircraft.

Others are working in British forests, logging wood-pulp by methods of their own, which experts acknowledged to be so time-saving that they were introduced everywhere.

A very important part the gipsies are playing in our agriculture. Entire families, men, women and children, went out to help the farmers to lift the potatoes, to gather fruit, and especially hops.

There was never a single complaint from a British farmer in regard of dishonesty.

The gipsies worked hard and earned good money. This sum-

mer the British gipsies are again being mobilised for the harvest.

Though the Government have not announced any post-war plans for the British Gipsies, the British Gypsy Lore Society and the London Mission, as well as the head-men of the Romanies, have many ambitious plans of their own. The gipsies will be encouraged to give up their wanderings altogether and to settle down. Of course, this cannot be achieved at once.

**FUTURE.**

For the time after the war, therefore, communal gipsy camps will be established. Special open-air gipsy schools and also schools and classes for adults are being prepared. They will include, apart from elementary educational courses, special classes for woodcutters, metal craftsmen, and also music classes.

Classes for gipsy orchestras and choirs will also be established, and prominent musicians and teachers have volunteered to help. Professor Angold has even the ambitious idea of creating a Gipsy National Theatre, which would tour the country.

Thus, the war in which the Nazis have exterminated more than 150,000 gipsies in Poland, Hungary and Rumania, brought bliss to the British Romanies.

It may be that, when the gipsies hold their "world congress" after the war, a British gipsy will be elected and crowned as their new "king."

The last election took place in 1937 in Warsaw, when the Polish gipsy head-man, Jan Kwiek, was elected. He was executed by the Nazis in 1940. His deputy-king, Vidiamu, replied to this outrage by proclaiming a "holy war" of the Romany people against the Nazis.



## A. Big Smile for A.B. Ted Lockley

HALLO, A.B. Ted Lockley, we took a trip to Barrow to look up your girl friend, Marjorie. She had just returned from a visit to your mother and father in Haslemere, Surrey, when we called at her home at 58, Dundee-street. She said she has had a lovely holiday and she is quite tanned.

Your mother and dad took her to London on V-plus-1 day and they saw the King and Queen. The next day they took baby Alan to Bognor Regis. Quite a gay time!

Marjorie told us she is going to send you some razor blades

just as soon as she can get some so that your chin can return to normal before you come home. She gave us a big smile for her picture and hoped that you would see she still uses the same toothpaste!

"You've no idea how much I'm looking forward to you coming home," she told us to say.

Your mother and dad are very well, and Bruce still wags his tail when he hears footsteps like yours.

She is going to Haslemere again in August, Ted, so you pull up your socks and see what can be done about it.

## To Help You Get Spliced

And here's a tidbit from Newcastle-on-Tyne. You blokes will have Pin-Up Perfect Wives when you get back—if Newcastle Gas Company has anything to do with it. They opened a Perfect Wife Bureau—open to sweethearts and fiancées of Britain's fighting men.

The aim is to teach them all they need to know about a housewife's job, and to teach by means of snappy lectures instead of by dry-as-dust courses.

Professor is Mrs. Margaret R. Forrester, middle-aged, motherly wife. Yes, sirs—by the time you get back, you won't be able to recognise that domesticated little girl that was a sophisticated little typist—shopgirl—clippie—hairdresser—or what-you-like when you left.

## Job Waits for Sto. Bernard Donnelly

WHEN we called to see your wife at Walsgrave Road, Coventry, 1st Class Stoker Bernard Donnelly, we were told she had moved to St. Margaret's Road, just across the park, where she is now living with your people.

Unfortunately your wife was out with your mother, this being VE-Day. But your father, John, little Patricia and David were coming up the road, after a little mid-day celebration in the city. Patricia was in her kilt and was wearing a red, white and blue rosette.

Your brother, Daniel, is now with the Mobile Cinema Section in India. Joyce was out, and so was baby David.

Spot, the old dog, seemed to be joining in the fun.

Bernard is now out of



hospital. Your wife is still at the Daimler works. She's just longing for you to come home so that she can make you a real Scotch dumpling, but your weekly job of window cleaning awaits you! They say you are a wizard with the leather and bucket of water.

To make your mouth water, Pop said that David and he had been down to the Vauxhall Tavern to drink your

health and wish you a speedy return.

You wouldn't have known Coventry. The whole town was covered with flags, kids were having tea parties in the streets; there was dancing and pianos in the roads; free beer and sandwiches. No one seems to know where it all came from.

All your family wished you were there with them to join in the carnival.

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Dept. of C.N.I., Admiralty, London, S.W.1



# THE SNOWSTORM

ANOTHER misfortune fell upon her; Gavril Gavrilovich died, leaving her the heiress to all his property. But the inheritance did not console her: she shared sincerely the grief of poor Praskovia Petrovna, vowing that she would never leave her.

They both quitted Nenardova, the scene of so many sad recollections, and went to live on another estate.

Suitors crowded round the young and wealthy heiress, but she gave not the slightest hope to any of them. Her mother sometimes exhorted her to make a choice; but Maria Gavrilovna shook her head and became pensive. Vladimir no longer existed; he had died in Moscow on the eve of the entry of the French. His memory seemed to be held sacred by Masha; at least she treasured up everything that could remind her of him: books that he had once read, his drawings, his notes, and verses of poetry that he had copied out for her.

Meanwhile the war had ended gloriously. Our regiments returned from abroad, and the people went out to meet them. The bands played the conquering songs. Officers who

had set out for the war almost mere lads returned grown men, with martial air, and their breasts decorated with crosses.

The soldiers chatted gaily among themselves, constantly mingling French and German words in their speech. Time never to be forgotten!

At this brilliant period Maria Gavrilovna was living with her mother in the province of —, and did not see how both capitals celebrated the return of the troops. But in the districts and villages the general enthusiasm was, if possible, even still greater.

The appearance of an officer in those places was for him a veritable triumph, and the lover in a plain coat felt very ill at ease in his vicinity.

We have already said that Maria Gavrilovna was, as before, surrounded by suitors. But all had to retire into the background when the wounded Colonel Bourmin, of the Hussars, with the Order of St. George in his buttonhole, and with an "interesting pallor," as the young ladies of the neighbourhood observed, appeared at the castle.

He was about twenty-six years of age. He had ob-

tained leave of absence to visit his estate, which was contiguous to that of Maria Gavrilovna.

Maria bestowed special attention upon him. In his presence her habitual pensiveness disappeared. It cannot be said that she coquetted with him. Bourmin was indeed a very charming young man. He possessed that spirit which is eminently pleasing to women: a spirit of decorum and observation, without any pretensions,

a distinction between him and others; how was it, then, that she had not yet seen him at her feet or heard his declaration? What restrained him?

Was it timidity, inseparable from true love, or pride, or the coquetry of a crafty

a sling

and good Praskovia Petrovna rejoiced that her daughter had at last found a lover worthy of her.

On one occasion the old lady was sitting alone in the parlour amusing herself with a pack of cards, when Bourmin entered the room and immediately inquired for Maria Gavrilovna.

"She is in the garden," replied the old lady; "go out to her, and I will wait here for you."

Bourmin went, and the old lady made the sign of the cross and thought, "Perhaps the business will be settled to-day!"

(To be concluded to-morrow)

## Continued By Alexander Pushkin

and yet not without a slight tendency towards careless satire.

His behaviour towards Maria Gavrilovna was simple and frank, but whatever she said or did, his soul and eyes followed her.

He seemed to be of a quiet and modest disposition, though report said that he had once been a terrible rake; but this did not injure him in the opinion of Maria Gavrilovna, who—like all young ladies in general—excused with pleasure follies that gave indication of boldness and ardour of temperament.

But more than everything else—more than his tenderness, more than his agreeable conversation, more than his interesting pallor, more than his arm in a sling—the silence of the young Hussar excited her curiosity and imagination.

She could not but confess that he pleased her very much; probably he, too, with his perception and experience, had already observed that she made

wooer? It was an enigma to her.

After long reflection she came to the conclusion that



"So THOSE are the famous Pyramids!"



"But, Penelope, fancy wanting a divorce! Why, that sort of thing could break up a marriage!"

## QUIZ for today

1. How many pounds are there in one truss of straw?
2. What is the length of the Doncaster Cup racecourse?
3. What is the common name of sodium chloride?
4. How far can you see from a height of 100 feet?
5. Which is more digestible, pork or veal?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Oak, Beech, Pine, Walnut, Elm, Chestnut.

### Answers to Quiz in No. 692

1. (a) 1,760 yards, (b) 2,025.6 yards.
2. About 2½ miles (2,226 miles).
3. Blue vitriol.
4. 9½ miles.
5. Goose.
6. Bitter is an alcoholic drink; others aren't.

## THE THINGS PEOPLE DO

IF ever you want to commit marriage in Birmingham, the man to get hold of and keep by you is P.C. Eastough. His name belies him. Beneath his navy-blue tunic beats a sympathetic heart.

The other day an R.A.F. man, home on leave, discovered he had forgotten the two most important things for his wedding—the ring, and the drinks. And all the shops were closed.

They must have been good judges of character, the R.A.F. boy and his prospective wife.

They approached P.C. Eastough and told him their troubles. "You come along o' me," replied the bobby.

He knocked up a jeweller for them, and in a short time they were selecting the slave bangle—I mean, wedding ring—from a tray of sparklers.

Off they hurried for the tying-up, mentioning casually that there weren't any drinks for the wedding breakfast.

P.C. Eastough saw to it that there were—bottles of sherry, port and whisky. And everyone was happy for quite a long time afterwards.

THREE brothers in the Services left their civvy jobs as employees of a wholesale fruit and vegetable business. They are going back as part owners.

They are Reuben, John and Walter Stockhausen, formerly employed by Mr. Charles Prior, of Monkwood, near Ropley, Hants.

When Mr. Prior died, he left the business to the three servicemen and their fourth brother, Arthur, who had been with the firm for twenty-six years.

So they won't have to worry about getting their old jobs back.

WHEN Mr. Frank Braham retired after fifty years' service in the Belgian Congo with Lever Brothers, he found life boring. So he took up golf. He found that boring, too. He thought of lots of things he could do to occupy his time, but none of them appealed to him—until he decided to have a go at painting.

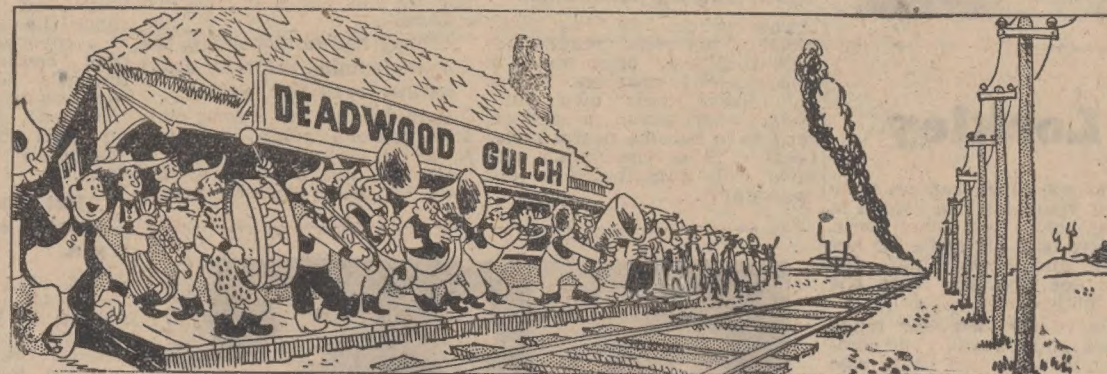
For two years he has stuck to it. He took no lessons—just wielded his brush as he felt he wanted to, and had lots of fun. Though he took it seriously, and worked hard.

And in this year's Academy, there's a picture by Mr. Frank Braham, aged 74.

WHEN the Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldgate, London, the Rev. J. P. R. Rees-Jones, asks a parishioner to come to tea—he takes them to church. He has solved the housing problem, ever since 1940, by living in the vestry, which he has turned into a comfortable flat.

D. N. K. B.

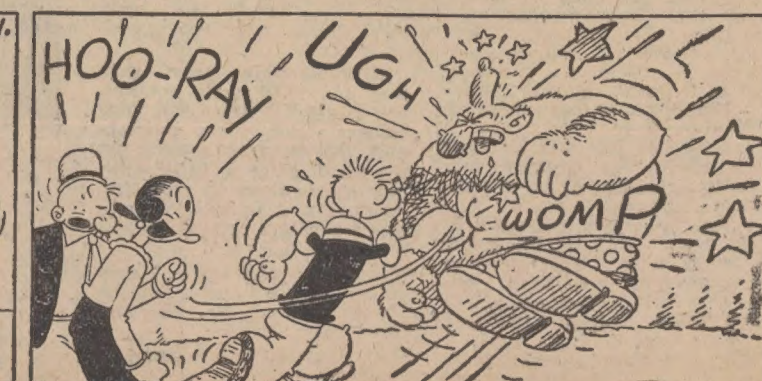
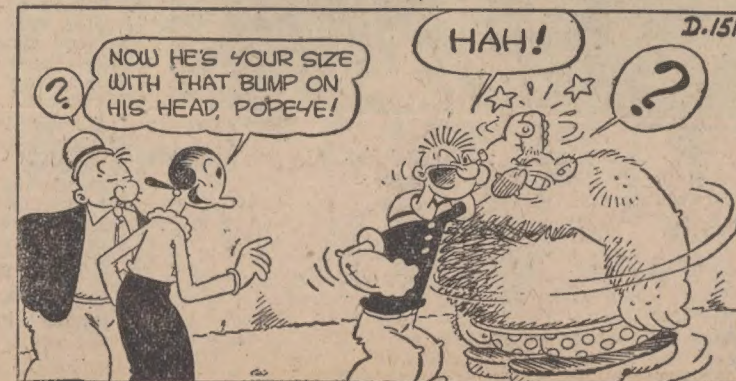
## BEELZEBUB JONES



### BELINDA

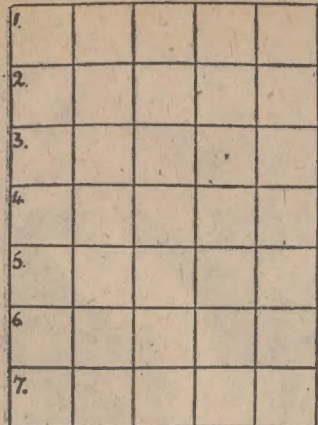


### POPEYE





PUZZLE CORNER



When you have filled in the answers to the clues given below, you will find the centre

JANE

# It's NOT Money for Jam

FOR over five years Britain's taxi-drivers have been in the front line. They have been bombed, machine-gunned, and attacked by V1 and V2. They have been faced with shortage

of petrol, few spares, and more customers than ever before. Many times they have been accused of over-charging. They have always insisted this is un-

cars—and the driver will be protected from wind and rain: quite a change from the old taxis, which demanded not only a first-class driver, but a man who was very fit. He had to be to stand up to the London weather!

Billy Bird, one of the most popular boxers just before the war, who hails from Chelsea.

Before a man is passed out as a fully-fledged London taxi-driver he has to satisfy Scotland Yard of several things, chief being his ability as a driver and knowledge of London.

Taxi-cab drivers have to know all the hospitals, clubs, theatres, squares, police and railway stations. Unless, however, they wish to ply for hire in the suburbs they are not questioned on their suburban knowledge.

## THE OLD VIC.

A very high standard is demanded, and would-be taxi-drivers spend much time "swotting." For example, few at first would know where to go if a fare requested "The Royal Victoria Hall, please."

## Says Hector Hunt

true. The men—if you are one who claims he has been over-charged—who have done this to you are not regular "cabbies."

When post-war plans become a reality, the taxis that have for so many years been a feature of London's busy streets will be doomed.

They will slowly be replaced by taxis that are longer and lower—very much like saloon

column down gives you the name of an illness most of us have at one time in our lives:

1. Door-posts.
2. Poor.
3. Fish eggs.
4. A fertile spot in a desert.
5. A dance.
6. A spot.
7. Short written composition.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Puzzle in No. 692.  
1. t r Y s t  
2. t r A n g e  
3. l u N g e  
4. d o G m a h  
5. c a T c h  
6. b i S o n  
7. a d E p

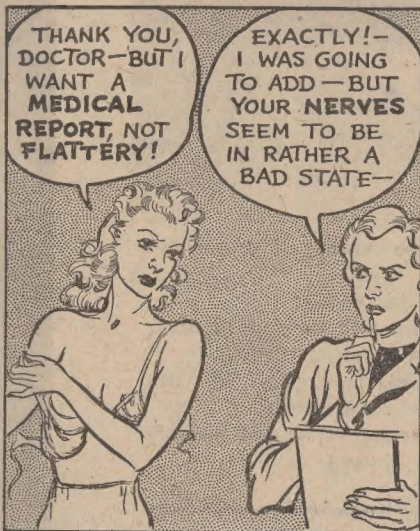
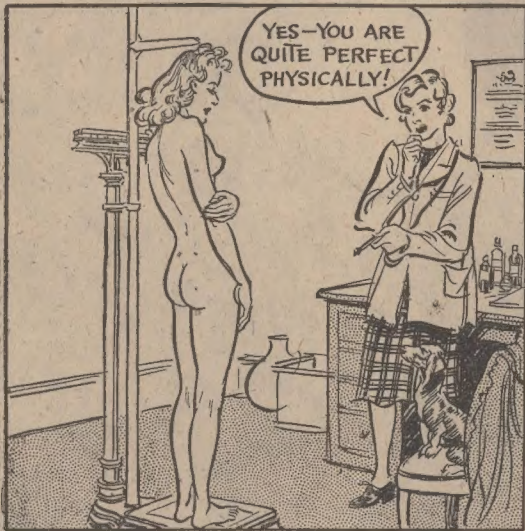
That is the full name of the Old Vic.

## Wangling Words No. 632

1. Cut one letter out of a food and get an ornament.
2. Insert the same letter ten times and make sense of: Hay-around-the-cone-in-a-teble-huy.
3. What common word has DITI for its exact middle?
4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The poor sheep ——— piteously, but reached the fold before mid-night.

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 631

1. L-in-k.
2. Be a bright boy and bath the baby.
3. OrDINArY.
4. Begins, binges.



## THE HA'PENNY SHIP

THE Royal Mint has been looking after the ha'pence. During 1944 its turn-out of that humble, but extremely useful coin, reached a record of all time.

No fewer than 81,840,000—or nearly two for each person of the population—were struck by those lucky metal-workers, the workmen of the Mint.

So practically everyone should be able to rub two ha'pennies together—unless they are blued during shore leave.

The halfpenny has had more boosting during the war years than any other coin. The Merchant Navy knows what it owes to the collectors of Ship ha'pennies—and it was only a matter of luck that the Ship got on the ha'penny at all.

There was a scheme when George VI came to the throne to replace the traditional heraldic designs on our pocket-money by simpler and more modern designs. Twelve leading artists were asked to submit their ideas on the subject, and they did so.

Somehow, they didn't quite hit the mark, and after a lot of thought it was decided that the old method was still the best, and a new set of heraldic designs were obtained, and eventually used.

But two of the artists' designs were considered so good that it was decided to give them a place in the money-bag. Drake's famous ship, the Golden Hind, went on the halfpenny, and Jenny Wren went on the farthing.

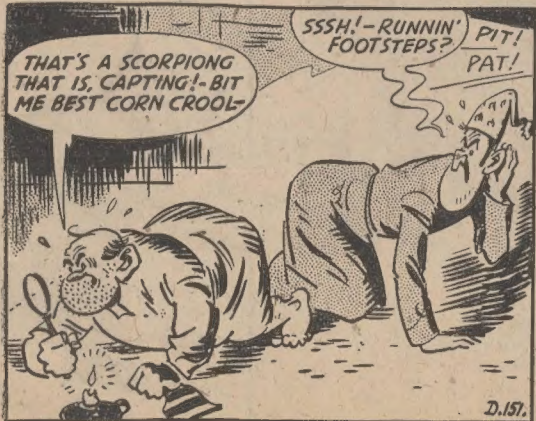
## RUGGLES



## GARTH

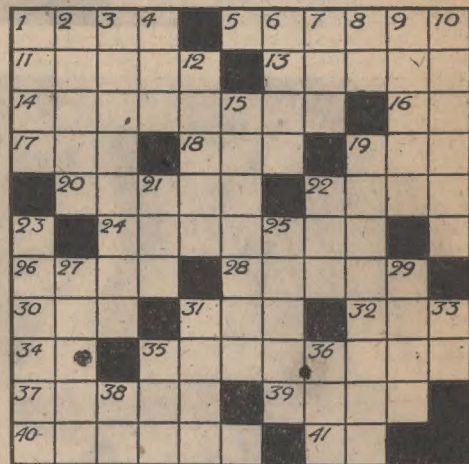


## JUST JAKE



## CROSS-WORD CORNER

CRUMB, FACES  
OUT, ADAMANT  
METAL, SYRIA  
I, EMMET, ODD  
CURB, VEAL, I  
T, ELAND, DU  
CONRAD, CRAM  
APE, SEA, IT  
LIGHT, VAPID  
MARE, BEHOVE  
SNORTER, NEW



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Musical symbol, 5 Supplies scantily, 11 Competitor, 13 Elephant tusks, 14 In combination, 16 Occurs, 17 Letter, 18 Triumphed, 19 Iota, 20 Revolt, 22 Additional, 24 Flower bunch, 2d Girl's name, 28 Earliest, 30 Exert, 31 Seed-vessel, 32 Scottish river, 34 What, 35 Source of wealth, 37 Hot drink, 39 Hit, 40 Norwegian port, 41 All correct.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Vera of Mexico, 2 Big ship, 3 Proof, 4 Lard, 6 Furnace, 7 Climber, 8 Doctor's initials, 9 Earlier, 10 Organised set, 12 Sussex town, 15 Dismal, 19 Control lever, 21 Youngster, 22 Spoil, 23 Flowing, 25 Encircles, 27 Door-keeper, 29 Vat, 31 Master, 33 Old pronoun, 35 Sticky stuff, 36 Low, 38 Travel.





The scent of moorland  
sweet  
Is in the air.  
The soft, contented bleat  
Of sheep is there.  
And, Lord, You will not  
let us stray,  
Me and my dog do humbly  
pray!



★ ~~~~~ ★  
If you were a seal in a  
Florida tank,  
And a girl dropped a  
fish for your dinner,  
Would you open your  
mouth like this  
Florida swank,  
Or behave like this sub-  
marine sinner?  
We know what we'd do  
in that Florida tank.  
We wouldn't just sur-  
face and blink.  
We'd climb up the side  
of that Florida bank  
And we'd say to her—  
what do you think?  
★ ~~~~~ ★



★ ~~~~~ ★  
How can we define  
Marqueez?  
If we wore as much,  
we'd freeze.  
If her gown was blown  
asunder,  
Would she scream or  
not? We wonder!  
★ ~~~~~ ★



This is not the way they dance  
In America or France.  
They're the Hadendao band,  
Making merry on the sand,  
Where the Sudan nomads wander

By the Pyramids and yonder.  
Notice how they shake like jellies  
As they bump each other's bellies.  
Bumping caused their skirts to fall.  
We cut the picture — and that's all!



Queer  
The freaks an oak will play.  
This one feeling one day rummy  
Turned an arm to rub its tummy.  
Couldn't straighten out and so  
Grew into the letter O.  
That's the way it has to stay  
Queer.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"That poet's fired.  
He makes me  
tired."

